

Claire gasped out loud when she saw the name *Philippe* signed on the print. Could the photographer be her Philippe? But why would a photographer have to disappear as mysteriously as Philippe often did?

"No, it couldn't be him," she thought as she shrugged the whole thing off as mere coincidence. But it did look so much like the place they shared their intimate interludes. And it could explain why he was on that tropical island.

She left the exhibit in a daze. All Claire could focus on was Philippe.

Her Philippe. Just thinking about him filled her with a profound pit of loneliness and longing. An empty feeling that couldn't be filled with her recent promotion at work or her devoted circle of friends.

Later that day while talking to her mother on the phone, she poured out her feelings about Philippe. Before Claire could finish, her mother cut her off.

"One of the big regrets of my life was not pursuing my dreams. Life goes by so quickly ...and before you know it, you're saying to yourself why didn't I grab that chance and run with it?"

"Claire, you've always played it safe... been what others wanted you to be. Now's

your time to follow your heart instead of your head."

Hearing her mother's words made it even more clear what she had to do. Brimming with new-found self confidence, she formulated a plan that could change her life forever. A plan that centered around finding Philippe, wherever he was.

TO BE CONTINUED...

